

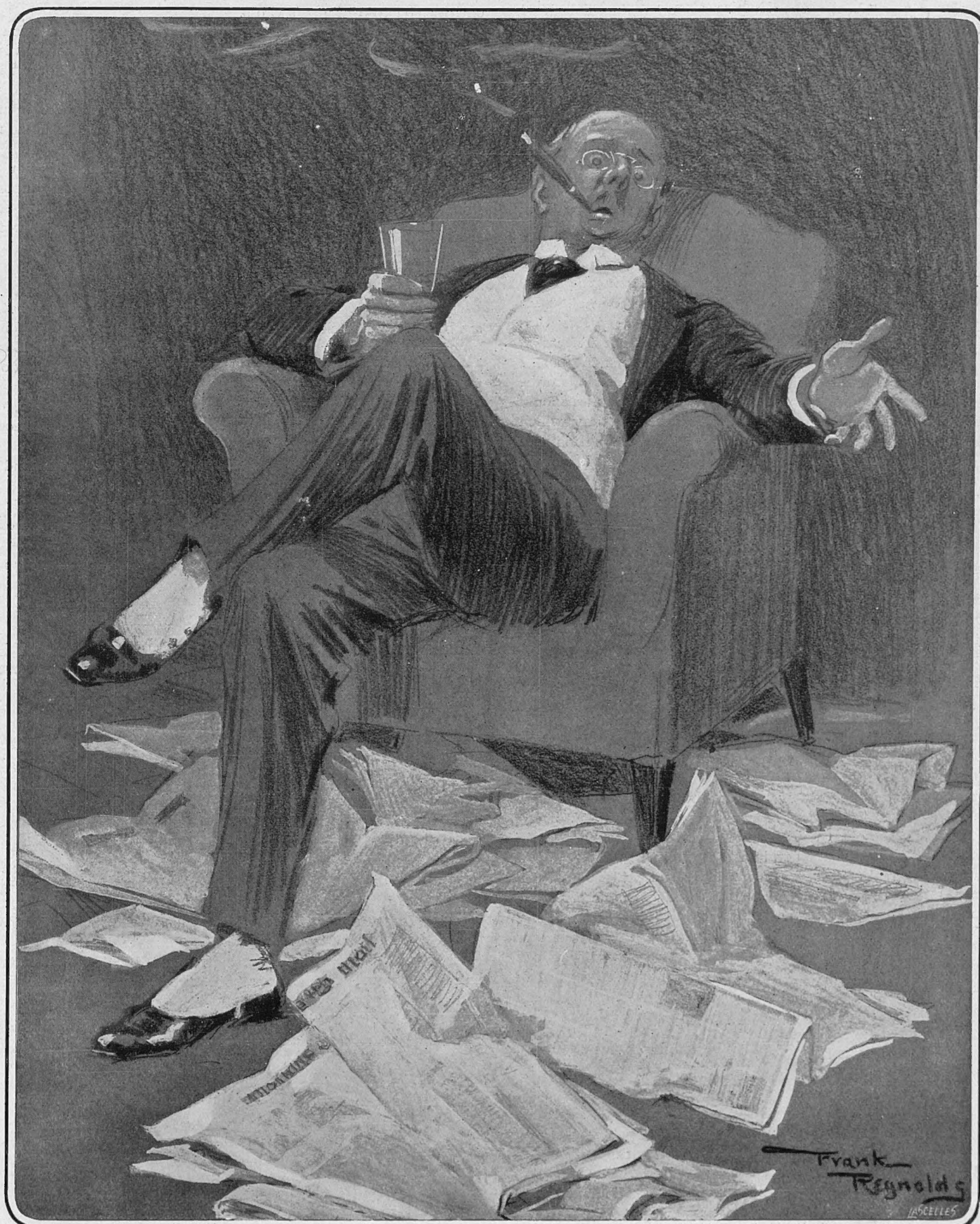
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# The Sketch

No. 1127.—Vol. LXXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



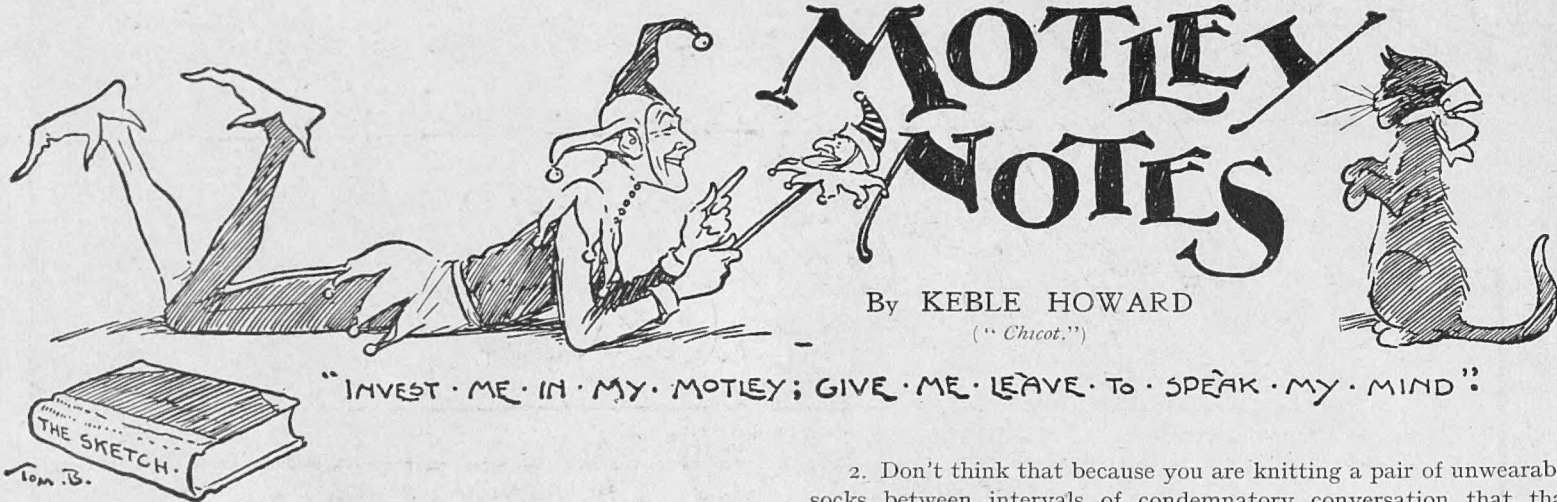
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7

PEOPLE WE DON'T LIKE IN WAR - TIME : THE ARM - CHAIR CRITIC.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.





Every Man a Soldier!

"While the Empire stands threatened with nothing less, if things go ill with us, than incurable ruin, what proportion of our vigorous manhood is giving ear to, and acting upon, that call of necessity? Does the public realise that thousands of men with family responsibilities are volunteering for foreign service to-day, simply because they know that the country needs men, and that those who have none but themselves to protect and strive for are not coming forward fast enough? We urge it upon the Government that fearless measures should be taken to meet this situation. . . . The simple fact is that this nation is in the death-grapple with a foe which will know no mercy in the event of triumph; and if ever there was a case for the assertion of a country's right to the service of her sons, that case is Great Britain's now."

I quote that important paragraph from a leader in the *Daily Telegraph*. The *Telegraph* is in no sense a "scare journal." Its note throughout the War has been optimistic, and this passage has therefore the greater right to sober consideration. The *Telegraph*, in plain words, demands conscription; why beat about the bush? Lord Kitchener paved the way in his speech in the House of Lords. He said: "If the war should be protracted, and if its fortunes should be varied or adverse, exertions and sacrifices beyond any which have been demanded will be required from the whole nation and Empire, and where they are required we are sure they will not be denied to the extreme needs of the State by Parliament or the people."

**Why Not Train Now?**

I congratulate Lord Kitchener on the ease and celerity with which he has acquired the Parliamentary manner and the Parliamentary vagueness of expression. One never dreamt that it would be necessary to elucidate any remarks made by Lord Kitchener, and yet it will be as well to explain that the great soldier was undoubtedly preparing the mind of the nation for compulsory service—should that step prove necessary.

But why wait until it has been proved necessary? Why not take the next hundred thousand and get them into training? And then the next? And the next? Six months, we are told, is the shortest possible time in which to prepare a man for active service; well, we may need a million men in less than six months. Far be it from me to offer advice to the great ones, but writers in the public Press can strengthen the arm of those in authority. The *Telegraph* has led the way; the other dailies may have joined in the cry. By all means, let us have universal training.

And by universal training I mean universal training. There must be a million married men who would gladly, joyfully, give their evenings to drill and shooting. Why should they be kept waiting? Why cannot the War Office authorise the preliminary raising of local battalions? Why shouldn't every man who can walk be taught to walk in the correct way, and turn at a word of command, and lie down at a word of command? One professional drill-sergeant could handle a thousand such, with the help of those who were Volunteers in their youth.

Let us be up and at it!

**A Few "Don'ts."**

My old friend "The Clubman" has suggested that a little volume of "Don'ts" might very well be published to deal with the present occasion. I am quite willing to undertake the task. In the meantime, here are a few "Don'ts" that occur to me on the spur of the moment—

#### "DON'TS" FOR LADIES.

1. Don't quarrel with your husband because he is not at the front. The poor wretch would probably get there if he could.

2. Don't think that because you are knitting a pair of unwearable socks between intervals of condemnatory conversation that that entitles you to a Martyr's Cross.

3. Don't waste good flannel unless you are sure that you can sew as well as Mrs. Jones down the street, who does it for her living.

4. Don't be cross because, having converted your house into a cottage hospital, to the huge discomfort of your husband and your family, the authorities steadily refuse to supply you with wounded soldiers. Nobody asked you to do it. On the other hand, one must think of the wounded.

5. Don't go to church in your Red Cross uniform. You look very nice in it, but, absurd as it may seem, the really important thing is to learn to nurse.

6. Finally, don't be silly. This will be found a good working motto throughout the War.

#### "DON'TS" FOR MEN.

1. Don't be ashamed to go on with your job. It is what you are best at. If Kitchener wants you for his job, he will send for you.

2. Don't be too ready to say that your next-door neighbour is an old fool and knows nothing about the war. After all, do you know very much about it yourself?

3. Don't mope at home every evening in order to prove to the world that you are a splendid patriot. We want live men knocking around just now, not snails.

4. Don't buy a revolver unless you thoroughly understand that it is constructed to kill people and not to amuse the children.

5. Don't, in the name of Economy, run away when it is your turn to stand a drink. The other man has just as good reasons for practising economy.

6. Don't be pompous. This will be found a good working motto throughout the War.

#### "DON'TS" FOR MUSICAL DIRECTORS.

1. Don't try to spite the great German composers by carefully refusing to perform their works. They may be delighted.

2. Don't forget that artistic genius is beyond all territorial boundaries and all racial struggles.

3. Don't give the public too many of your own patriotic compositions. In times of national emotion, the old tunes are the best tunes. Compose a classic, if you must, but sit on it.

#### "DON'TS" FOR BACHELORS.

1. Don't plunge into matrimony to avoid conscription. The war won't last all your life.

2. Don't moon about and wonder whether you will like soldiering. You will. It is the greatest game yet invented.

3. Don't be afraid of getting killed. The chances are that you won't. If you are, you will escape a lot. And, anyway, it is only the thinking about it that hurts.

4. Don't be afraid of getting wounded. See "'Don'ts' for Ladies" No. 4. Your country will save you from the well-meaning amateurs.

5. Don't be afraid of losing your job. If your employer will not take you back, you are well rid of him.

#### A "Puck" Cartoon.

What does America really think about the War? That is a question that a good many people would like answered. I turn to my copy of *Puck*, the celebrated American humorous weekly, for the week ending Aug. 1. This issue probably went to press at least ten days before the date of publication, and three weeks before the outbreak of the War. It contains a double-page cartoon in colour by the inimitable Hy. Mayer. The title is, "The Melting-Pot." Two huge hands are squeezing the life-blood of "Capital" and "Labour" into a German helmet. That is what America thinks of the War.



TO ARMS, BRITONS! AVERT THESE HORRORS!



FOR SALE.

"THE TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE AND EFFICIENCY."

According to the official Belgian account, this is the sort of thing that has been going on in Belgium ever since the Germans invaded it. Would you like the same things to happen here? Would you like to see your mother and sisters killed or

maltreated, your property destroyed, and your homes burnt? If not—those of you who are eligible—answer Lord Kitchener's call to arms, and join the ranks. If you cannot join the active army or the Territorial, do anything else you can.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



## THE HOME AFTER THE ZEPPELIN HAS VISITED IT.



A BELGIAN'S HOME AFTER A ZEPPELIN HAD VISITED IT: A BOMB-RIDDLED HOUSE IN ANTWERP.



WHAT YOUR HOUSE WILL LOOK LIKE IF A ZEPPELIN DROPS BOMBS ON IT: AN ANTWERP "MYRTLE VILLA."

These photographs give some idea of what happened at Antwerp the other night when a Zeppelin dropped nine bombs on the city, killing five people (including a woman), and injuring ten others (women and men), and damaging a number of

houses. Like the photographs of Myrtle Villa in "An Englishman's Home" on another page, they should serve to impress upon us what we may expect from the Germans if they come over here, whether by air or sea.

*Photographs by Underwood and Underwood.*



## SEA-DOGS WHO GAVE THE GERMANS A HELIGOLAND "BITE."



1. REAR-ADMIRAL A. G. H. W. MOORE, COMMANDING THE "INVINCIBLE" IN THE FIRST BATTLE-CRUISER SQUADRON.
2. COMMODORE R. Y. TYRWHITT, IN CHARGE OF THE DESTROYER FLOTILLAS OF THE FIRST FLEET.
3. REAR-ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY, COMMANDER OF THE FIRST BATTLE-CRUISER SQUADRON.

4. COMMODORE W. E. GOODENOUGH, COMMANDER OF THE FIRST LIGHT-CRUISER SQUADRON.
5. COMMODORE R. J. B. KEYES, IN CHARGE OF THE SUBMARINE SERVICE OF THE NAVY.
6. REAR-ADMIRAL A. H. CHRISTIAN, ONE OF THE COMMANDING OFFICERS CONCERNED IN THE VICTORY.

In the official account of the "fortunate and fruitful" naval engagement off Heligoland on the 28th, when three German cruisers and two destroyers were sunk, it was said: "The commanding officers concerned in this skilfully handled operation were Rear-Admirals Beatty, Moore, and Christian, and Commodores Keyes, Tyrwhitt, and Goodenough." Sir David Beatty, whose flag-ship is the "Lion," distinguished himself on the Nile in 1898, and later in China. He reached flag rank at the age of thirty-

nine. Rear-Admiral Moore served in the Egyptian War of 1882. Rear-Admiral Christian served on the Niger and in Mombasa, and was Flag-Captain of the "Highflyer" during the Somaliland Campaign. Commodore Keyes, who is only forty-one, has been head of the submarine service for nearly four years. Commodore Tyrwhitt has seen service in Nicaragua during native disturbances. Commodore Goodenough, in the "Cochrane," escorted the King to India. He did relief work at Messina after the earthquake.

*Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Heath, Russell (Southsea), Sport and General, and C.N.*



## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE Vaudeville has gallantly opened the season, braving the danger of defeat; and the farce "My Aunt," which Messrs. Sydney Blow and Douglas Hoare have adapted from the French, will provide a little cheerful entertainment for a couple of hours for all who need it. It is irresponsible nonsense with a pleasant touch of burlesque. A young man has an aunt, and a young woman who is called his aunt, and another young woman who calls herself his wife; and Mr. A. W. Baskcombe has a face which is excellently suited to express the embarrassment which results from these complications. Miss Lottie Venne plays brightly as the real aunt, and Miss Yvonne Garricke is delightful as a little milliner who has not yet acquired complete command of the English language. Good work is also done by Mr. Pope Stamper, Miss Madge Saunders, and Miss Violet Gould; and as French farces go, "My Aunt," is an amusing specimen of its class. "Laughter in Court," by Mr. John Kendall, which came as a curtain-raiser, had a good idea in it—the confusion of a humorous magistrate by one of the victims of his judicial wit; but it was not worked out so well as it might have been.

## GARRICK.

## BLUFF KING HAL.

Friday next, Sept. 4, at 7.30 (after, at 8).  
A Comedy in Four Acts, by Louis N. Parker.  
ARTHUR BOURCHIER as HENRY VIII.  
VIOLET VANBRUGH as KATHARINE PARR.  
First Matinee, September 9, at 2.  
Box office (Mr. Stubbs), 9513 Gerrard

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## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

## "ALCOHOLIC MEMOIRS."\*

A Work with a  
"Kick."

It is not foolish to compare "John Barleycorn" with "The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater." Mr. Jack London's book is likely to rival De Quincey's as a classic. There is but one description for it, hackneyed as that is: it is a human document. As such alone it would make a mark. It is also, it is safe to argue, the greatest of sermons ever preached against drinking to excess; yet it is not in the least dry-as-dust, or tractory. Like various guises of John Barleycorn, it has a "kick" not to be forgotten.

## "Lighted Up."

The writer—it is in the first person—tells how he came to ride down into the Valley of the Moon one hot election day in the State of California to vote for a Suffrage amendment giving votes to women. He had several drinks before casting his ballot, divers drinks after casting it, and was home to supper and another drink. He is no teetotaler, but he has been in partnership with John Barleycorn and knows that alluring person's power. When he got back under his own roof he was not drunk—"the horse I had ridden was well named 'The Outlaw.' I'd like to see any drunken man ride her." But he was "lighted up," feeling "good," pleasantly "jingled." Yet he felt he knew. "When the women get the ballot," he said, "they will vote for prohibition. It is the wives and sisters and mothers, and they only, who will drive the nails into the coffin of John Barleycorn." He advocates abolition. Why? As a lad, he found the way open. Boys will play near uncovered wells. A certain number will fall in. The remedy is to cover the well.

Drinking in Its  
Beginnings.

He first tasted alcohol when he was five. Curiosity was his guide. He supped of the contents of his father's beer—it was in a lard-pail—did not like the drink, but took enough to fall before the plough. At seven he had another tussle with liquor. Fear brought this about. An Italian bade him swallow red wine. He dared not refuse and had glass after glass. This time he was very ill for days. Still he had no craving. Indeed, there was a physical loathing. He has never got over it; but he has conquered it: "The palate never ceases to rebel." In the early days, the warmth of the saloon was the chief attraction, and you had to pay your footing. A much greater thing was the sociability drink "stood" and accepted brings. Added to this was the desire of the youth to imitate, even to outvie, the man. Refusal to have a glass brought a sense of shame with it, a blush at being unlike others—others who were "somebodies" in his rough world. Candy could only be eaten surreptitiously. At fifteen, the lad was labouring in a cannery, the slave of a machine. The open called; and the work-beast answered. Then, again, he found the value of John Barleycorn—how he could unbar doors and give the lonely friends or mates, someone with whom to talk and plan, comradeship. "And still," he says, "there arose in me no desire for alcohol, no chemical demand. In years and years of heavy drinking, drinking did not beget the desire. For days, weeks, and months he would take nothing—does the same now—then would come the necessity, the social necessity; he had to produce the passport giving him safe conduct along the road of adventure. Before he was seventeen, he had already learned a lesson—he became a wiser, a more skilful drinker, still with long periods of abstinence. For all that, he had bouts: one when whisky was free at an election time; another when he was nearly drowned, made no effort to save himself, and was content that the coming death would be delightful.

The Coming of  
the Cocktail.

Then, one day, came the realisation that lack of wish for strong waters had given way to a brain-cell for it. It was a new manifestation. Soon afterwards he burned his boats and plunged into writing. At this period, for over a year he abstained. Next, he drank once more, not to please himself, but to be companionable when others did so. Later, introduced to the geniality of the cocktail, he argued that he need not fear: he was the master; John Barleycorn, the man. Afterwards, in the midst of success, he had to play the social intercourse game with the glamour gone. Result: "A cocktail or two, or several, I found, cheered me up for the foolishness of foolish people. A cocktail, or several, before dinner enabled me to laugh whole-heartedly at things which had long since ceased being laughable. The cocktail was a prod, a spur, a kick to my jaded mind and bored spirits. . . . A poor companion without a cocktail, I became a very good companion with one." The power of the cocktail grew and grew—"Never again would I get drunk. All I wanted, and all I would take, was just enough to glow and warm me, to kick geniality alive in me and put laughter in my throat and stir the maggots of imagination slightly in my brain." But there was no kick in one cocktail! Spirits proper had to be called in. Pessimism was a sequel to overwise consumption; the White Logic that fears not death and knows no future. The "subject" survives; was never drunkard, dipsomaniac, alcoholic, so has not had to reform—but he pleads for prohibition: to which the cynic will answer that there is more drunkenness in prohibition States than elsewhere.

\* "John Barleycorn; or, Alcoholic Memoirs." By Jack London. (Mills and Boon; 6s.)





A "STEADIER" FOR THE MEN AT THE FRONT: THE PRIVILEGE OF "GROUSING": OUR FOREIGN LEGIONS.

Our Baptism of Fire.

I write on the day after the news of the fall of Namur reached England, and the comfort that I can see in the scanty official news lies in those sentences which tell how the British force which defended the French left, while our Allies moved forward to the attack, behaved with national coolness and held their ground, which was, I am sure, all that they were asked to do. None of us expected less of the army that we have sent abroad—an army which, if small in numbers, has been splendidly trained at our great home camps.

The Penalties of War.

War is the greatest and the fiercest of all games, and it has its sudden changes of fortune just as cricket and football have, though the penalties of ill-luck in war are of dreadful severity. Fortune turned her wheel favourably for the Allies at the beginning of the war when Liège delayed the invading armies for a period that was unexpectedly long. The fickle goddess turned her wheel hard in the other direction when Namur, which is a stronger fortress than Liège, only held out for a few days. By the time these lines are in print we shall know how it was that the great fortress was unable to make a longer resistance; but the cause of its fall makes no difference to the new situation that had to be faced.

A "Steadier."

The spear-head that was pointing at the enemy's chest fell off just when it was most needed, and the Allies had to bring buckler and sword into play, changing from attack to defence in the midst of a hot battle. In boxing, when one of the combatants tries to force the fighting and is pulled up by a heavy blow, that blow is spoken of as a "steadier," and it makes the man who has received it fight very cautiously until he has recovered from the effect of the punch. The Allies have received a "steadier."

First-Class Fighting-Men.

We are told that the British retirement was effected with great skill, and that the commanders of the First and Second Army Corps, Sir James Haig and Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, handled their men admirably. The British soldier, knowing that he had held off the enemy for a long day's fighting, and not knowing what was happening elsewhere in the long line of battle, must have growled when he found that the army was moving back to take up another position; but to growl under these circumstances is the time-honoured privilege of the British fighting men. I warrant that after Quatre Bras the British privates and troopers did not understand why they were ordered to fall back upon Waterloo. The best qualities of the fighting men of the allied nations are brought out by different circumstances. The French soldier is unparalleled in the attack, the

British soldier accepts such a matter as a retirement, when he knows himself unbeaten, as being all in the day's work, and takes up his new position just as good a man for his business as though the movement had been in the forward direction. It is never safe to prophesy even a day ahead in a great war, but of this I am sure—that the British soldier, having begun his campaign as a first-class fighting-man, will so continue, come good or ill, until the last shot of the war is fired.

The London Foreign Legion.

The London Foreign Legion which has been raised by an Italian gentleman who has lived pretty well all his life amongst us in England, has now its full complement of officers and men—200 of the former, and 3000 of the latter. Great Britain, in the days when Napoleon was the enemy, always had as part of her army some foreign regiments, but in those days the Foreign Legion was generally a German one. In the days when an invasion of England seemed something more than a threat, and when the Grande Armée was camped on the hill at Boulogne where the column stands, our Foreign Legion of those days lay on the Downs near Hastings, and a house has been pointed out to me in Hastings as having been inhabited at that time by no less a person than Arthur Wellesley. The camps at Boulogne now are British camps, and the enemy are of the nationality that fought on our side a hundred years ago to prevent the world from falling under the dictatorship of one man.

Lord Derby's Example.

Lord Derby has set an example to all sportsmen, and, indeed, to all employers of every class, in his treatment of the grooms and other people employed in his stables. Lord Derby is one of the great noblemen who not only own racehorses, but who keep a large number of other horses, as anyone who has seen the turn-out of the "Knowsley blacks" on any great occasion will remember. No doubt very many of Lord Derby's horses are now in the fighting-line, and a report had gone abroad that he was discharging his stable-men. The Hon. George Lambton, who manages Lord Derby's stables, has written to the Press to explain exactly the position that Lord Derby has taken up in the matter. No married man in the stables has been disturbed in his position, but every unmarried man who is old enough and tall enough to join the Army is expected to do so, his place being kept open for him until the close of the war. No more patriotic treatment could be imagined, and now that this is known, any man who goes about the country saying that he has been discharged from Lord Derby's stables says indirectly that he has not been patriotic enough to serve his country at the time of her need.

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I am quite well.  
I have been admitted into hospital  
{ sick } and am going on well.  
{ wounded } and hope to be discharged soon.  
I am being sent down to the base.  
I have received your { letter.  
telegram.  
parcel.  
Letter follows at first opportunity.  
I have received no letter from you  
{ lately.  
for a long time.

Signature }  
only. }

Date \_\_\_\_\_  
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THE "SCRATCH-OUT" ONLY MESSAGE: AN ACTUAL FIELD-SERVICE POSTCARD AS SENT HOME BY A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

Writing a postcard from the front consists in erasing those parts of the printed form which are not applicable to the case. If anything is added the postcard is destroyed. Every card has to be passed by the Censor.



A SMART BIT OF QUICK-FIRING BY THE CAMERA-MAN: A SNAPSHOT OF A COLLISION BETWEEN A TRAM AND A MOTOR-CAR.

In these days of fast traffic there is not much interval between the moment when a collision looks likely and that at which it actually happens. The photographer in this case must have been particularly smart to take his snapshot at the moment of impact. The chauffeur, who was alone in the car, is just getting up to see what had happened. The incident took place in London.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



## WHY NOT REVIVED NOW TO RAISE RECRUITS FOR THE PLAY THAT SHOWED WHAT



BEFORE THE WAR: GEOFFREY SMITH (A TYPICAL CRICKET - WATCHER) AND MEMBERS OF THE BROWN FAMILY BURLESQUE THE TERRITORIALS, TO THE ANNOYANCE OF PAUL ROBINSON (IN UNIFORM).



WHEN THE ENEMY IS IN ENGLAND: MYRTLE VILLA, DEFENDED BY TERRITORIALS, BEING KNOCKED ABOUT THE EARS OF THE BROWN FAMILY BY THE INVADERS' ARTILLERY.

At a time when every nerve is being strained to draw men to the Colours, in order to be able to put an adequate force into the field against the Germans, such a play as "An Englishman's Home" ought to prove a most powerful stimulus to recruiting. It will be remembered that, when it was first produced, in 1909, it caused an immense sensation, and did much to stimulate recruiting among the Territorials. Now that not only Territorials, but men for the Regular Army, are



# KITCHENER'S NEW ARMIES? "AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME." WOULD HAPPEN IN CASE OF INVASION.



THE FIRST TASTE OF THE REALITIES OF WAR AT MYRTLE VILLA: A SHELL STRIKING THE HOUSE STARTLES CAPTAIN FINCH AND THE BROWN FAMILY.



THE FATE OF A CIVILIAN FOUND UNDER ARMS: MR. BROWN SALUTED BY THE ENEMY'S OFFICERS ON BEING TAKEN OUT TO BE SHOT FOR HAVING BEEN CAUGHT WITH A RIFLE.

so urgently needed, the play ought certainly to be revived. It would make all who saw it realise, more effectively than through any written word, the realities of war and the horrors that would overtake us if the Germans succeeded in invading this country; and it drives home tragically the fate which, by the laws of war, overtakes a civilian found bearing arms. Of course, the play would need some slight revision, but that would not affect the lesson it conveys.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



## THE BATHING-MACHINE AS WAR-SHELTER, AT OSTEND.



THE BATHING-MACHINE AS A HOME FOR REFUGEES:  
NOT AS WE USUALLY SEE OSTEND.



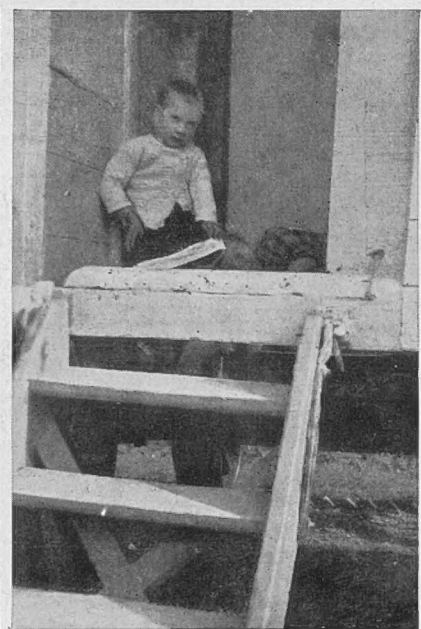
THE BATHING-MACHINE AT OSTEND UNDER NORMAL CONDITIONS:  
HOW WE USUALLY SEE IT.



USED AS A SHELTER FOR A FAMILY FROM  
VISÉ: AN OSTEND BATHING-MACHINE.



AS IT USED TO BE EMPLOYED IN NORMAL  
TIMES: LADIES BATHING AT OSTEND.



USED AS A SHELTER FOR A HOMELESS  
"KIDDIE": A BATHING-MACHINE



ON THE STEPS OF THEIR EMERGENCY BUNGALOW: REFUGEES  
GROUPED ROUND THE BATHING-MACHINES.



ENTERING THEIR EMERGENCY BUNGALOW ON THE BEACH:  
REFUGEES RETIRING FOR THE NIGHT AT OSTEND.

Ostend, the gay and fashionable Belgian watering-place so well beloved of the British tourist—and of the holiday-makers of the whole Continent—has seen strange contrasts on its famous front during the past few weeks. But a month ago the season was just approaching its height, the gaieties of the cosmopolitan playground were in full swing. Then the war-clouds broke, and refugees from the villages and towns which

had been destroyed in the ruthless advance of the German invaders came flooding into the town, while the pleasure-seekers fled almost in a single night from the scene of gaieties which were no more. The bathing-machines along the whole of the front became temporary homes for the refugees from the villages of the firing-line. A large force of British Marines has since been landed there.



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# "K. OF K.'s" SPEECH IN THE LORDS; AND A WAR WEDDING.



THE FIRST SEA LORD AND HIS WIFE ARRIVING AT THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT ON THE TWENTY-FIRST DAY OF THE WAR: MR. AND MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL.



THE MINISTER OF WAR GOING TO MAKE HIS FIRST SPEECH ON THE SITUATION: LORD KITCHENER LEAVING THE WAR OFFICE FOR THE HOUSE OF LORDS.



A BRIDE WHO ONLY ALTERED ONE LETTER OF HER NAME: CAPTAIN THE HON. H. VANE AND LADY ENID VANE, FORMERLY LADY ENID FANE, AFTER THEIR WEDDING, WHICH TOOK PLACE VERY QUIETLY AT SCARBOROUGH ON AUG. 25.

On Tuesday, Aug. 25, the Houses of Parliament reassembled at Westminster to hear the new War Minister's speech—the first long statement on the situation by a Cabinet Minister since the first outbreak of the war, and, incidentally, Lord Kitchener's maiden speech in the House of Lords. "His manner of speech was just what one would have expected of a man of action," says the Parliamentary Correspondent of the "Times"; "he spoke simply and without rhetoric, and never took his eyes from

his notes."—On the same day the marriage took place very quietly, owing to the war, of Captain the Hon. Henry Vane, eldest son of Lord Barnard, and Lady Enid Fane, daughter of the Earl of Westmorland. It is interesting to note that the bride merely exchanges an "F" for a "V" in changing her name. The wedding took place at the Parish Church, Scarborough, and our photograph was taken at Londesborough Lodge, the residence of the Earl and Countess of Londesborough, uncle and aunt of the bride.

Photographs by G. P. U. and Foxton.



## UNCONFIRMED REPORTS.



HOW WE GET "NEWS" OF THE WAR — SOMETIMES !

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

A "RAID" FROM BADEN - BADEN !



THE SENTRY: Bathing? Bathing be blowed! How do I know you haven't come straight from Germany?

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.





THE War Office under its temporary chief is a place shrouded in mystery. There are as many stories about the things that happen inside it as there were about the things that are likely to happen at Mauberge. Anecdotal history is inclined, however, to overstate the hardness of the great man who is supposed to take nobody into his confidence and never to say "Thank you." Even allowing for the overstatement, we are left with the picture of a figure sufficiently masterful. A certain officer who had been asked to do the impossible in the matter of moving troops did it in twenty-three hours instead of the twenty-four allowed him. Having, incidentally, been up all night, he got to the War Office just as it was opening its doors for the day, and reported progress. "I expect my officers to shave before they come to me" was all the acknowledgment he is supposed to have received.

*The Inseparables.* That Lord Kitchener "tells the Cabinet nothing" is one of the many theories advanced in regard to his methods of conducting business at the Office. But even a past master of silence could not consistently pursue that policy at interviews of two or three hours' duration; and to tell the truth, nothing in the nature of a withholding of confidences interferes with the nice conduct of affairs in Whitehall. This is sufficiently proved by the fact that Mr. Churchill and K. of K., neither of whom has time to waste on small-talk or the



COMMANDING OUR TROOPS IN GERMAN TOGOLAND, WHICH HAS BEEN TAKEN OVER BY THE BRITISH: TEMPORARY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL F. C. BRYANT, R.A. Captain (Temporary Lieutenant-Colonel) Bryant, of the Royal Field Artillery, joined the West African Frontier Force in 1910. He was in charge of the force which annexed German Togoland after the outbreak of war.

Photograph by Lafayette.

lengthy evasion of important topics, are constant companions. The other evening the First Lord visited Lord Kitchener's private house after dinner, and the next morning the War Secretary was with Mr. Asquith at breakfast-time and had, besides, visited Winston at the Admiralty before the meeting of the Cabinet. That evening Mr. Churchill was again in consultation over maps and cigars in Carlton Gardens, and he and Lord Kitchener ended the day by calling in company on Sir Edward Grey at the hour for a second black coffee.

*Painted Armies.* Mrs. Crocker, whose gallant five hundred swells the American Women's Fund, has subscribed to the relief of two continents. She was a heavy sufferer in the San Franciscan earthquake, and at the same time a most generous contributor to the rehabilitation of poorer citizens. Though a judicious butler saved many

apartments. Quite a little army of miniature French soldiers, therefore, was wiped out in the conflagration.

"Dangerously Wounded."

The family luck would seem to be in favour of Lord Leven's recovery. The first Earl, a notable seventeenth-century soldier, came through a lot of fighting and many wounds not far from where his young descendant in the Scots Greys was disabled a fortnight ago; he also negotiated Marston Moor without fatal mishap, and that at a time when earls were marked men on every battlefield. The higher reaches of the Pocrage do not necessarily suffer more than the ordinary run of officers in modern warfare; and as a matter of fact, the South African war made no inroads on the earldoms.

*The Lady of Lille.* Nobody, in the tragic light of war, cares very much what happens to the ordinary Old Masters, but in Lille is one little *objet d'art* that has won the affections of Englishmen in a quite unusual degree. This is the famous head of a woman called the Wax of Raphael. It is not, as a matter of fact, by Raphael, and its origins are mysterious, but it is as lovely as anything modelled by the hand of man. Millicent Duchess of Sutherland is among its adorers; Mr. Sargent copied it that he might always have it in sight, and half-a-dozen poets have written verses round its honey-coloured hair. Is it safe? Above anything else in the North of France the Director of the Berlin Museum would like to see the wax of Raphael captured.



A NEW TICHBORNE CLAIMANT: LADY DOUGHTY-TICHBORNE WITH HER BABY. Lady Doughty-Tichborne, formerly Miss Denise Greville, daughter of Lieutenant Colonel Greville, married the present Baronet in 1913.

Photograph by Weston.



MARRIED QUIETLY OWING TO THE WAR: MR. AND MRS. HUMPHREY HOLLINS.

Mr. Humphrey Hollins is the fourth son of Sir Frank and Lady Hollins. Mrs. Hollins is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Tullis, of Glasgow. The wedding took place at Preston on Aug. 25, very quietly, owing to the war.

Photograph by Winter.

of her art treasures before the fire took hold of them, she lost a number of valuable French pictures. At one time a great collector of Meissoniers, she had tired of them just before the catastrophe and sent them to the bed-rooms and the pantry. The butler rescued the Millets and Corots, but did not think he was called upon to risk his life for canvases banished to his own



PRESIDENT OF THE WATFORD DIVISION OF THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' FAMILIES' ASSOCIATION: THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

Lady Essex is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Beach Grant, of New York. She married the Earl of Essex in 1893, his first wife having died in 1885. Lord Essex served in South Africa as a Brigadier-General in charge of a Yeomanry Brigade.

Photograph by Downer.

*Miss Nellie Hozier's Mission.* Mrs. Winston Churchill, with responsibilities and a perambulator at home, has not gone to the front as a nurse, but her sister, Miss Nellie Hozier, would let nothing keep her in England while Belgium was full of wounded. With no special training in medicine, she was obliged to join a little expert band of doctors and nurses as interpreter. Not one of her companions knew French or German, and though a wounded soldier can make anybody understand when he wants a drink of water, his foreign friends are often left in the dark as to his more elaborate needs. Miss Nellie Hozier has a fund of the high courage that goes with high spirits. She was in the first flight of young women to loop the loop at Hendon.

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ANGLO AND OTHER PHOBIA!



FOR SALE.

BIDING HIS TIME.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTRER.



vast hiccup, as a high-power shell landed and burst. Always overhead, even beating at the hedge above Bellair, with flail-like fingers of steel, passed the whirring hiss of ceaseless rifle-bullets. The uproar was indescribable; the charging men were living in the core of a giant, palpitating hell of sound.

The ditch came to an end with stunning abruptness. With stunning abruptness the great hill towered right over their heads in a way that made them feel that it was about to fall down on top of them and crush them flat. There was a short, sloping piece of brown turned earth between them and the foot of the hill, a thick belt of bush and trees, then out of the bush rose the hillside as steep as the roof of a house.

The entire surface of the hill was quick and humming with battle. Its olive surface was slashed right up to the crest with the acid light of rifle-fire, and draped with the veiling crape of picric fume. Trenches, masked with turfs to render them indistinguishable from the slope, ran, with no more dignity than bunkers, in odd terraces up to the summit. On platforms screened and defended with tree-branches and thick gorse were many viperish little machine-guns spitting and jetting like steam exhaust-pipes.

Where the hill yielded itself in more easy and supple lines field guns were emplaced behind felled trees whose branches stuck out in the face of the enemy. These guns could rake the attack with a harrowing enflading fire. At one place where a gap came down almost to the plain, the sturdy star-angle of a field redan showed; the slope facing it was webbed with wire entanglements, and supporting trenches had been scarred on the hillside.

Directly his men halted at the end of the ditch, Bellairs' eyes found this place. The instinct that had carried him so splendidly forward fastened upon it at once, and he saw at once a weakness. His men had dropped to earth immediately, where there was a tiny cliff of earth affording cover. They should have gone on, but Bellairs held them while they recovered wind enough to take them over the final lap of the charge.

The rest of the regiment heaved across the turned land and fell thundering on the thick bush in a great wave crested with the spume of bayonets. The bush, which had been lying passive all through the advance, started to life with an appalling clap. Even before it spoke Bellairs' instinct told him that it was packed with the enemy's infantry.

As the two bodies of men came together in a great worrying tangle of battling, the sound they made was like that of two immense dogs fighting to kill. The smoke of the battle began to whirl in great spirals, catching at the leaves with trailing fingers as it rose. Since the armies had intermingled the firing of the artillery tailed off to nothing, but the shrill and hateful screaming of the rifles rose and rose until it reached an insane point of shrewish fury. Stabbing into this sound beat the febrile hammering of the spiteful automatic guns. The one-pound shells detonated in the heart of the fight with the sound of giant crackers, and their bursting charges strung the grey blanket of the smoke with pretty flower-like flames. The flames from the rifles slit and stabbed the smoke like knives.

Bellairs looked at the mad incoherence of the battling and knew it could end but one way. Section after section went charging into the fight, but by a mere frontal attack, men of flesh and blood could not break through the strong line of works hidden by the bushes and trees. Bellairs knew that the fight could not be won at that point. Again he looked up at the redan and the gap it guarded. Yes, if he took his company up at that in a certain way there need be no disastrous frontal attack.

The battle under the trees wore itself down to a sullen and heavy crackling of rifles. The attacking force began to struggle limply out of the smoke in ones and twos, and then in little groups. But they were good soldiers. Though death slashed through the little squads of men with a regularity that was monotonous to behold, the men failed to show excitement or hurry. They were veterans retiring in their own way and at their own pace.

When they had fallen back a score of yards they faced about with the calmness of men on a parade-ground. With icy deliberation they fired a shouting and defiant volley at their enemies in the bush. As they loosed, their supports came swamping up, and, caught in the swing of this surge of men, they, nothing loth, went back at a rush into the inferno under the trees.

Bellairs had already passed the word to his sergeants, and when the fight had raged a few seconds, he had his men on their feet. Without a moment's hesitation he flung them in a superb and sweeping gesture of attack at the redan.

His company, springing across the brown turned earth, came into the fight with all the dramatic qualities of surprise. The defenders, concentrating all their energies on the main attack, missed the initial movement of their rush. For eternities of seconds the handful of men in the company raced forward through what seemed to them the thick and heavy silence before a cyclone. Death must come blasting in fury on to them at any moment, they knew.

Running with all the speed they could, they yet awaited with scarcely beating hearts the squall of death. They could see the entire surface of the hill with the startling clarity of things perceived in a mirror. They could see the mechanic-like zeal of the machine-gunners as they flicked shell after shell into the wings of the fight about the bushes; they could see little rills of men being hurried towards this main fight, they could see even the artillerymen in the redan craning forward, looking down towards the bushes and wondering when they would get their chance. They saw it all with a vivid flash. Then the picture blurred with hurry: they themselves were seen.

The men in the redan became volatile with an abrupt nervousness, they turned about wildly like men cringing before an unexpected blow, darting nervous glances all-whither to discover from what angle the attack would strike at them. They saw the headlong company and began fussing with a frantic effort to meet and stop it with gun-fire. Men hurled themselves at the guns behind the abatis, tried to lift them by sheer muscular effort to meet the charge. Rifle-men came flinging into line, the place seemed to take fire and blaze away in a mad effort to sweep the company off the face of the earth at once.

But the defenders were too late. Bellairs' infallible instinct had served him well. It had found for him a line of attack that not only took the redan at an unprotected spot, but also carried his men on to it in such a way that no decimating fire could stop them.

Before the guns could be swung round, before the infantry in the redan and in the supporting trenches could bring to bear on the attackers a steady man-stopping fire, the company was on the redan and in it. The feeble few infantry left in the bush-trenches by the resistance of the main attack fired one nerveless volley, and Bellairs' men were on them, tossing them aside, punching through them. Their defence went out as a snuffed candle goes out, and the company were going up the hill with unthwartable élan.

The fret of a ragged rifle-fire caught a fringe of his men and sent them flopping down the hill, but it mattered not at all. The company was through that zone immediately, across a flattish slope and into the unprotected rear of the redan, Bellairs leading them in the rush. Men scrambled from the guns and thrust themselves at them. Bellairs' men blazed one volley and then the angry bayonets flashed in the sun and drove deep and home. The muck of men fought and scrambled amid the guns. A large officer gorgeted with the scarlet of the Staff swung down on the Lieutenant; Bellairs parried his thrust with an unthinking ease, circled with his sword and took the man in the throat. A sergeant sprang to a gun, began wrenching free its breech-piece; Bellairs' revolver-hand came up in a crisp jerk and the sergeant jumped and came down smash on the gun. A gunner tried to shoot; Bellairs got in under the rifle and hammered the man insensible with his sword-hilt.

Then it was all over. The gunners and the infantry were scuttling from the redan. The men in the supporting trenches were breaking away and running. They knew well enough that with the capture of that gap their flank was turned, that the battle was lost for them. The General in command of the attackers knew it, too. Like lightning he snatched at the chance Bellairs had given him, and right on the heels of the victorious company there came lunging regiment after regiment of attacking infantry. They came rolling through the gap in irresistible swarms, smashing the back of the defence with the awful pressure of their thrust.

Bellairs saw them pass. As they went by they looked up at him and cheered. The air was full of cheering. As he heard, the Lieutenant became intoxicated with the glory of it, and of the deed that he had done. He that had been filled with the terror of his own cowardice had achieved this wonder, had proved himself in this marvellous and splendid way. He began to grow weak with joy, his vision blurred with the immense reaction of emotion. . . . The whole world seemed to fade . . . to grow black. . . . Was he really falling? . . .

The officer who had the whistle in his hand had almost lifted it to his lips. The men behind the mounds braced themselves for an instant's uprising. The man who had wanted to "get on with it" stopped grumbling.

"'Allo," he jerked, "th' little lootenant 'as got 'it in th' neck."

"Hey?" said the man beside him.

"Right in th' neck," said the first man. "Blown 'arf of it away. Look, 'e 's down!"

"Oo?" asked the man beside him.

"Lootenant Bellairs, look!"

"Shut yer face," snapped the sergeant, close by. "We're off. Now, boys, leg it proper."

The whistle had reached the lips of the officer. Its thin, keen sound cut into the giant uproar of the concentrated guns like a thread of silver. Just as Lieutenant Hugo Bellairs, of B Company, dived forward on to his face, the regiment rose up, and like a crowd bursting over a race-course, went forward at a rush.

The charge had only just begun.

THE END.

OBVIOUS ON THE FACE OF IT.



"How does the war affect you, old fellow?"

"Oh! frightfully, old man — *frightfully!*"

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



# THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

## "Business as Usual During Extension of Premises."

Is suggested as John Bull's motto for this time when our builders of Empire are busy with the awful arbitrament of war thrust upon us so suddenly. Everyone would like to be at the front, but there are good fights at home, and one of them is industrial: we can hit a shrewd blow at the Teuton by keeping our business Jack flying and running it up where he has had his double-headed eagle. Economy is a good thing, my sisters; but the circulation of money is a better. Don't let us be selfish in our war time; it is the general inclination to think of nothing but soldiers and sailors, armies and fleets. God knows we value ours; but there are our industrial armies and fleets, too; so let us buy, as we were wont to buy, all that we can afford, and let us afford all we can: it is a fine way to help, and an unselfish one. Do not say, "I will not buy another dress"; say, "I must go and order some autumn things; I must not let the work-people suffer!"

## For Heroes and Heroines.

Few firms have such a wide experience in making every grade of hospital uniforms as Debenham and Freebody. They have supplied the members of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service—so many of whom are doing such splendid service. Every requisite for the nursing profession is obtainable at their great establishment, of the best and at moderate price. They have also been fortunate in securing large stocks of flannels, calicoes, blankets, etc., and natural and blue flannel for service men's shirts. The firm are very busily employed executing orders for these things.

## The Rare and Spicy Breezes.

Ceylon has come vastly into favour with the travelling public of late years, because of its great natural beauties, its glorious vegetation, and rich flora. Messrs. J. Grossmith, our great perfumers, always in the van of fashion, have introduced a delicious perfume, called "Wana Rane," which is the imprisoned essence of the exquisite flora of Ceylon. These make the breezes of that beautiful island rapturously delightful, and the cleverness with which their characteristic has been caught and preserved in Wana Rane is admirable. With the firm's usual thoroughness in supplying up-to-date demands, a complete series of toilet preparations, including hair-lotion, soap, dental cream, face-powder, sachet, and cachous, is prepared with the new scent. They are, of course, of the best possible obtainable of their kind. The new scent and its series are having a great vogue.



ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED TO MR. DOUGLAS MATHIESON: MISS DORIS WORMALD.

Miss Doris M. Wormald, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Douglas Mathieson, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Mathieson, of Prince's Gate, is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wormald, of Springs, Northstoke, Oxon.

Photograph by Langflier.

One of their easy folding specialties is a lounge or hammock, as desired, and is luxuriously comfortable, while it has no ropes, wires, pegs, or posts to fix. For house, garden, camp, or convalescent home, it is invaluable, and the cost is only 13s. (24 inches), and 18s. (28 inches). These specialties can be obtained from large

## For the Camp.

John Pound and Co. are busy sending from their establishments at 81, Leadenhall Street; 177, Tottenham Court Road; 268, Oxford Street; 67, Piccadilly; 243, Brompton Road; 176, Regent Street, reliable leather equipments for officers on campaign. Army men ask their womenkind at home to get their things of John Pound because they know how well they stand knocking about.

## Al Fresco Pleasures.

There is nothing like plenty of open air to ward off pessimism, and so people find who spend spare time in their gardens and grounds. Most neat, convenient, and durable tents and chairs for beach or gardens, tennis, or croquet grounds are supplied by the Tocah Company, Ltd., 25, Montrose Crescent, Wembley.



A CHARMING, THOUGH SIMPLE, EVENING FROCK: DESIGNED BY ERNEST, LTD., OF REGENT STREET.

Photograph by Wrather and Buys.

firms in London and the provinces, or from the Company at above address.

## The Bonnie, Bonnie Highlands.

Panicky people—there are always some; it is a matter of constitution—say that the Scotch Highlands are deserted. This is not so; there are heaps of people at Strathpeffer, where the baths and wells are keenly appreciated by many whom the war has prevented from going abroad. Applications for rooms for September were very numerous. The season there will probably be prolonged, as many people in need of a cure cannot go to their favourite foreign spa.

## Does Its Work and Vanishes.

Pond's Vanishing Cream should be used before going out as a protection from sunburn, redness, or freckles, and it should also be applied night and morning. It is a preparation of great excellence, and its recently introduced colleagues—Pond's Face Powder and Pond's Tooth Powder—are equally reliable. Any good chemist has them, or they can be had directly from the Proprietors, Pond's Extract Company, 71, Southampton Row, W.C.

## Nothing Like It.

Viyella is an old friend, and if anyone ever goes off in search of new, he or she always comes back a wiser and a gladder man or woman to agree that there is really nothing like it. It never shrinks, and it is woven so as to allow free air-passage, and is remarkably elastic. It is obtainable in lovely patterns and most attractive colours, and in several weights. It is also produced in costume cloths and costume tweeds, so that inside and out we can be charmingly, comfortably, practically, and hygienically clothed with Viyella. It is ideal wear for children, as for adults, and it possesses the attributes of softness, warmth, and lightness in an unequalled degree. Its health value is that it avoids the risk of non-absorbent woollens, and can be bought ready for wear, or to make up at home. Many wives and mothers are sending their officer-sons parcels of Viyella shirts and pyjamas weekly.

## For Out-of-Doors.

Women are all, more or less, lovers of the open nowadays; the one drawback to their enjoyment of out-door sports and games is the effect on the skin. This need not give an instant of anxiety to those who use Cimolite Cream, which keeps the skin moist and protects it against sunburn. The kindred Cimolite preparations should be used in conjunction with the cream—the soap, which contains only enough alkali to produce a delightful lather, and not enough to injure the skin; and the Cimolite face-powder, which is really soothing and healing. It is in the finest state of sub-division, and is prepared in three shades—pink, white, and jaunâtre. Using these preparations, every sports-woman is secure that her complexion will suffer no ill-effects from her enjoyment.



ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED TO MR. EDMUND ANTROBUS, OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS: MISS RUTH ANSTRUTHER-GRAY. Miss Ruth Anstruther-Gray, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Edmund Antrobus, of the Grenadier Guards, is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Anstruther-Gray, of Kilmany, Fife. Mr. Antrobus is the only son of Colonel Sir Edmund and Lady Antrobus, of Amesbury Abbey, Wilts.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

In spite of the war "Bournemouth is normal," declare the Town Council and the hotel proprietors; and normal Bournemouth is, at this time of the year, wholly delightful. The weather has been glorious for weeks past, and the piers are crowded for the concerts and bands, while excellent concert parties on the beach, and performances at the theatre, the Hippodrome, and the picture theatres also help to maintain the gaiety of the town. Motors and coaches are running daily to the New Forest, and the steam-boat service is also maintained. In the Gardens Pavilion the Municipal Orchestra, under Mr. Dan Godfrey, attracts large audiences every night.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**On a Sussex Down.**

While the carnage rages on yonder side of the shining silver Channel, I am looking on the soft, home-like lines of the South Downs, on Chanctonbury Ring, which broods over the weald of Sussex, on the knots of placid sheep browsing on green grass and purple thyme, on a scene which is typically and immemorably English, and which has never known an invader's footstep since William defeated Saxon Harold at Senlac a thousand years ago. A garden county, with the loveliest villages in the world, lies all about me, and just over those round, swelling ridges are the spruce, gay watering-places of the South Coast. It is incredible, at the moment, that men are fighting for the Empire of the world over there on the Continent of Europe, while below my window children play, and dogs bark joyously, and an ancient shepherd, with age-old eyes, leans on the five-barred gate and munches his bread-and-cheese. This side of the Down, the world wears its normal, peaceful, summer aspect, yet if you climb to the topmost ridge, you may catch a glimpse of our Fleet patrolling the sea, and feel the dreadful throb of War. One shudders as one thinks of Belgium, with its devastation and horrors, in contrast with this suave peace.



ninée

A STUDY IN GREY: A MOLE-COLOURED COSTUME.

This is made of mole-coloured duvetyn; the edge of the jacket is embroidered with black, and the buttons and under-skirt are dark-blue.

in the early nineteenth century, in which some Englishwoman wrote her letters and made up her house-accounts, with a portrait of Nelson inserted in the woodwork just in front of her eyes. A miniature of him hangs above, and on the further wall there is a curious print depicting the great sailor's funeral in St. Paul's Cathedral. The fane is filled with military troops, and, strangely enough, it is a Highland regiment, with kilts and befeathered bonnets, which surrounds the catafalque. The draught is barred by a vast screen depicting a battle between French and English frigates on the sea, with a background which suggests the Netherlands, the lower panels pleasing with a peaceful pastoral scene. Here, again, is a coloured glass picture depicting Britannia mourning for her heroic dead. The carpet is grey-green, like the sea that Nelson loved and conquered for us; the hangings are a faint mauve, like the mists and clouds which hang about our beloved land. The atmosphere of the room is full of glorious tradition and high, courageous steadfastness. We shall need it all now. It is good, at such a juncture in our history, to live in this "Nelson" chamber.

**Do the People Know?**

It seems as if the masses—so slow to move, so careless of all save what concerns themselves—have not yet grasped the awful seriousness of the gigantic conflict now in progress. If you motor over to any one of those watering-places on the hither-side of the South Downs, I doubt if you would know, from the demeanour of the people sauntering on the front, that the fate of our Empire is hanging in the balance. London is terribly in earnest, but London, like all great capitals, can be as grim and tense at such a time as it is gay and frivolous in peace. It has always a mood, an atmosphere, and I have seen it in times of stress and danger when the very streets looked strung to nerve-breaking point. But in these Sussex hamlets and watering-places a cheap optimism—almost an indifference—seems to reign. In our village, it is true, the women are mighty busy, and they have organised a Red Cross branch, where you will find elegant, aproned ladies busy cutting-out shirts, others drawing up lists, supervising workwomen, and getting carpenters to make bed-rests and invalid-tables out of timber supplied by the owners of the big "place" hereabouts. There is no lack of energy, of enthusiasm, of earnestness, about our much-maligned "classes"; the question is if the humble and ignorant can even grasp the terrible importance of the events which are marching so swiftly? I think, perhaps, the most patriotic thing one could find to do would be to give popular lectures on the causes of the war, the relative importance of the military and naval services, the need of a great army, and the appalling prospect before us if—and sometimes the impossible happens—we fail, at any rate for a time.

**Good Comes Out of Evil.**

I think we shall never be quite the same again

when the ordeal is over. We shall have made our pilgrimage through the dreadful Valley; we shall know what personal service means; I do not suppose, for a century at least, we shall be the same careless, happy-go-lucky people again, a nation whose favourite maxim was "We shall muddle through." To our great and high-hearted qualities, we shall add seriousness and efficiency, just as the French have done for the last twenty years. For the young men of France—and the young women, too, for that matter—have been in deadly earnest for a generation. Often one has been struck by the contrast between French and English boys about twenty: the first so serious, so sad-looking, yet full of intelligence and grit; the second so boisterously gay and careless, so pleased with life, so oblivious of a tragic morrow. To live on the Continent of Europe, for the last fifteen years or so, has been to exist under the shadow of a nightmare, and the young men of most of the fighting nations have shown it in their faces. In our sea-girt country, we have not realised this Terror which stalks by day and by night. In the future we shall know it, but if we do not show it in our faces it will be manifest in our lives.



Robertson

ALMOST A "KHAKE" COSTUME: A CHARMING STUDY IN BROWN.

The jacket of this costume is made of dark-brown taffeta, buttoned down the front, with a collar and frills at the wrist of white lawn; the skirt is of duvetyn in a lighter shade of brown, with frills of very pale primrose silk striped in brown, olive, and green.





### CAR INSURANCE AND WAR RISKS: THE FUTURE OF THE TRADE: COMMERCIAL VEHICLES IN DEMAND.

#### The War and Motor-Car Insurance.

What could be more natural than that certain motor-car owners should be anxiously inquiring as to how far they are protected, in the present lamentable circumstances, by their car insurance policies? So far as concerns the car in ordinary use, a glance at the average policy will show at once that it contains a clause as to loss or damage arising from "invasion, foreign enemy, riot, civil commotion, military or usurped power," and no new situation, therefore, has arisen save for the vital fact that we are now confronted with the possible application of the clause itself. But actual invasion is a very long way off as yet, and owners who are using their cars for private purposes, and in this country only, have no need to ponder over their policies. When, if ever, the question of invasion does arise they will have many other serious things to think about besides that of car insurance.

#### On Active Service.

Quite another matter, however, is the position of the owner whose car has in any way been placed at the service of his country. If it has been taken over by the military authorities the issue is clear; the ordinary policy lapses forthwith, and all responsibilities devolve upon the Government. If the car be temporarily acquired on loan, but under payment, the policy is inoperative for the time being. There remains the important question, however, of voluntary service, for there are thousands of patriots who have responded to the appeal of the motoring organisations and offered their cars for service, with the owner or his driver included. Now it would be a grievous and indefensible state of things if the insurance companies, who have done well out of motorists in the past, were to decline to do their share in the present crisis, and were to refuse to accept any risks whatever over and above those which existed before the dogs of war were let loose. It is satisfactory to note, however, that no total exemption of this kind will be claimed. According to the *Motor*, which has made inquiries among the insurance companies, it is only necessary for the owner volunteer to specify in each case the nature of the work he has undertaken or is called upon to perform. If his car is to be used for ambulance work or small journeys in a restricted area, there will be no extra premium; but 5s. per day as a minimum will be charged if the car is placed at the

#### What Will the Motor Trade Do?

Another question which is exercising the minds of a good many people is as to the effect of the war upon the motor industry. There are not wanting those who chose to imagine at the outset that factories everywhere would have to be shut down, and that the industry would receive a set-back from which it would take a very long time to recover. This panic-stricken view of the situation, it may be said at once, is entirely absurd. As a matter of fact, it has not even been decided as yet to suspend the Olympia Show, and the Society of



MACHINERY AND THE SAVING OF LIFE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD: A FRENCH MOTOR-AMBULANCE CAR AT WORK.

The French ambulance service is making full use of motor-vehicles in the present war. In addition to the larger motor-propelled ambulance-vans (illustrations of which were published in "The Sketch" of Aug. 19), light and swift cars are employed in the field, working close behind the firing-line. They receive and bear off the more seriously wounded men on stretchers to the nearest field-dressing stations in rear.

Photograph by C.N.

Motor Manufacturers and Traders will not discuss the issue for a month to come. On the dark side we may set the fact that the closing of the Stock Exchange will, of course, affect the buying and selling of cars to a certain extent, and in other circles there will be a desire to economise in the interests of prudence where economy is necessary. Until actual disaster has overtaken our arms, however, it may be taken for granted that the financial position of the country is assured, and one has only to scan the subscription lists of the Prince of Wales's Fund and others to realise that there is plenty of money in circulation. As for the attitude of the trade itself, it can hardly be said that there is any evidence of a desire to shut down. The Rolls-Royce firm announce that though the market for their Continental cars is closed for the time being owing to the war, the manufacture of cars for sale in the United Kingdom, America, Canada, and Australia is being proceeded with, while orders are being received, in addition, for the manufacture of war material. Wolesley Motors, Ltd., inform me that they are steadily continuing with the manufacture of pleasure-cars, and this is a matter of no small moment when it is remembered that this firm has the largest output of any in the British industry.

#### Commercial Motors in Demand.

Here, as elsewhere, moreover, there has been an increased demand for service vehicles. Owing to the commandeering of vehicles and horses by the War Department there are many people urgently in need of cars of the commercial type, and the Wolesley firm is utilising the extensions carried out in January last to ensure quick delivery of vehicles. The Daimler Company are, I believe, working at pressure, and, without specifying other firms, there are no signs whatever of a general stagnation in the motor industry. In this connection it may be added that those members of the business community who have hitherto made no use of the commercial motor, but now find themselves in need thereof owing to

the impressment of horses, may obtain full and immediate advice as to how to proceed by applying to the Commercial Motor Users' Association at 83, Pall Mall, S.W., where a special staff of competent engineers has been organised to give practical assistance such as will ensure the delivery of goods.

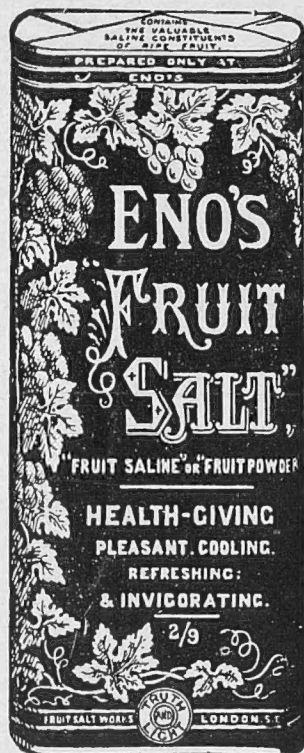


FROM THE BANK TO FAR AWAY: LONDON MOTOR-BUSES TRANSFORMED INTO MILITARY TRANSPORT-WAGONS.

"There ain't no 'buses running from the Bank to Mandalay," says the old Kipling tag; but some of them are running elsewhere, "full up" with other loads than Londoners. The War Office at the outset of the war swooped down on the London depots and garages, and commandeered scores of motor-buses. Their bodies were removed and the chassis fitted up as wagons for Army Service Corps' transport work.—[Photograph by Topical.]

disposal of the authorities for arduous work, so far as concerns the Car and General Insurance Corporation. Other companies demand a minimum of £1 for two days' use, and 10s. per day for further use after notice. The first £5, in the case of the Corporation, and the first £10 in other cases, of any claim must be borne by the insurer.

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We ask our patrons, therefore, to assist us in our effort by purchasing as usual. Our stocks at London, Liverpool, and Belfast are complete, and our looms in Belfast are constantly adding to existing stocks. We would draw special attention to the fact that our

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### The "Swan" Pen.

BY JOHN TAYLOR.

Ho, comrades! Men of the flying pen, who ply the shorthand art,  
Join with me now to praise the "Swan" with single voice and heart!  
Amid the rush of hurrying nibs, and the swish of the leaves swift-turning,  
As faster and faster the word-storm blows, with impassioned language burning;  
When the breath comes short, and the hand reels oft, and the brain is stunned & swaying,  
No pen but the "Swan" can carry us on, our lightest wish obeying,  
And bring us safe to our goal at last, spent, worn, and almost dying,  
But full of pride that our pen well-tried has kept the old flag flying.

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"Swan" Pens are Made in London.



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is an exact reproduction of the beautiful Spring flower's exquisitely delicate scent. The art of perfumery can compass nothing more delightful.

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September 2, 1914

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## A NEW NOVEL.

## "The Royal Runaway."

By LAURENCE HOUSMAN.  
(Chapman and Hall)

Once again Mr. Housman philosophises, satirises, and argues at the expense of that unfortunate monarch, John of Jingalo. He is an author with a keen eye for absurdities, and, in a world teeming with them, nothing can be said to be more prolific of absurdity than a constitutional monarchy. The subject enables Mr. Housman to get off a hundred witty things at its expense, such as that from rebellion against the cry "the King can do no wrong," men have proceeded to declare that "the King can do no right"—must be nothing but a very wooden figure-head and never on any account do anything. When the Bauble, symbol of authority from King to Commons, gets seized by a lunatic and flung into the river, the Lower House is suspended till a Bauble can be reconstructed, for though the King be powerless to this end, the toy with which he confers power of legislation to his Commons is still sacred and efficient in Ministers' eyes. And so on. No one will be sorry to see King John enjoying high-tea in a respectable lodging-house as John R.—and there is a happy inspiration after that unlucky lapse of the pen over his first new signature—King. Mr. Housman manages to reveal a humorously dirty under-world

in the great affairs of State, and the final extinction of the monarchical family root and branch with which his study ends scarcely leaves the air clearer. Contrariwise, its removal carries with it the one element of disinterested statesmanship that the country knew. All politicians are bad, but Radical ones are worse than bad—they are unpleasant; and after the last flourish of kingship had faded in Jingalo it was to Radical politicians that the nation appeared committed. A Bureaucracy, as the dying young Prince said, and not a Republic. If these theorisings seem dull to some, a cartload of fun drives through, distributing the most spirited practical jokes for Monarchy, Ministers, and Public. The impersonation of the runaway King by the lunatic who destroyed the Bauble, Cabinet Ministers gravely abetting; the tact of the great Press; the theft of the Consort's jewels; the madness and subsequent funeral of the Pretender; the appearance of John himself (believed drowned) in a Cabinet Council; and the heir-apparent's gallant, mystified struggle to fight through it like a man, a Prince, and a lover—with much further interesting matter, occurs to an accompaniment of fantastic, wise humour such as those who read "John of Jingalo" will remember pleasantly. And those who really enter into the spirit of the affair are likely to read their newspapers with an undercurrent of ironic amusement which will make them better reading than ever.

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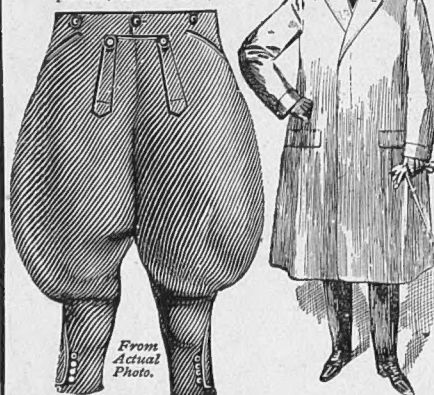
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